THE

WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

For MONDAY, March 25, 1805.

Narrative of the Loſs of the Earl of Abergavenny Eaſt Indiaman, Captain John Wordſworth, off Portland, on the Night of February 5, 1805.

(Continued from Page 216.)

THE dreadful criſis was now approaching. Some time before the ſhip ſunk, the carpenter came from below, and informed the crew, who were all working at the pumps, that he could do no more, and that ſhe muſt go down,. Every one on board ſeemed aſſured of his fate: ſome gave themſelves up to deſpair, whilſt others endeavoured to collect themſelves, and employed the few minutes they had left, in the beſt of purpoſes—that of imploring the mercy of their Creator. At ten o'clock the ſhip was nearly full of water, and ſhe began gradually to ſink.

It has for ages been the boaſt of England, that her gallant ſons of the ocean, whether gaining freſh laurels for their country, in bravely combating the common foe, or enduring the all-conquering perils of winds and waves, are ſtill, in the hour of danger, cool and collected. They fight like heroes, and they die in the conſcious pride of having diſcharged their duty as men.

In the preſent melancholy inſtance, the behaviour of the commander and officers proved that they were worthy of a nobler fate—that of dying in the cauſe of their king and country. They knew the value of diſcipline, and even the frowns of the grim tyrant, death, could not ſhake them from their purpoſe.

When Cæſar met his fate in the Capitol, he folded his robe about him, that he might fall with decency—when the ſailors preſſed ardently for a ſupply of liquor on the officer who guarded the ſpirit-room—" Give us ſome grog!" exclaimed the

honeſt tars; " it will be all as one an hour hence!"—the reply of the officer would have done honour to the brevity of Roman fortitude—" I know we muſt die," coolly replied the gallant midſhipman, " but let us die like men!"—He kept his poſt, armed with a brace of piſtols, and there ſtaid, even whilſt the ſhip was ſinking.

The officers, while yet a diſtant hope of ſaving the ſhip remained, excited the crew to manual exertion by a cheerful ſong and the ſmile of encouragement. The cadets, all of them of tender years, worked at the pumps 'till, overcome with fatigue, they abſolutely ſunk under their exertions.

Many of the ſoldiers were in a ſtate of inſenſibility from ſea-ſickneſs, and were totally inattentive to their danger:—thoſe who have experienced this dreadful but ſalutary diſeaſe, will eaſily credit the aſſertion; for ſuch is the habitual languor of invalids labouring under ſea-ſickneſs, that life becomes a burthen, and care for its continuance has no longer an exiſtence.

" Why hear this fearful tempeſt ſing,
Yet ſeek no ſhelter to avoid the ſtorm?"

It has been ſaid, that had the proper precautions been taken, not a life would have been loſt; perhaps Captain Wordſworth was not, 'till too late, ſufficiently aware of the incurable ſtate of the ſhip: but it is hardly-probable, whatever might have been the reſolution of the paſſengers, that all the crew would have deſerted her—it is a well known-fact, that ſome ſailors will not quit a ſinking ſhip: we may inſtance the London Eaſt Indiaman, which was run down by the Ruſſel man of war—the crew to a man might have been ſaved, but they energetically exclaimed—" No, we cannot leave our beautiful ſhip—we will ſhare her fate!" and they were ſeen in the act of cheering as ſhe went down.

Some minutes before the ſhip ſunk, Mr. Baggot, the chief mate, went to Captain Wordſworth, and ſaid—" We have done all we can, Sir—ſhe will ſink in a moment."—The Captain replied—" It cannot be helped—God's will be done." The captain and Mr. Baggot were obſerved to converſe with apparent cheerfulneſs; though when the ſhip firſt ſtruck, the former was heard to exclaim—" O pilot! pilot! you have ruined me!"

When the paſſengers and crew were acquainted with their ſituation, they made ſeveral efforts to ſave their lives; ſome laid hold of pieces of the wreck, and committed themſelves to the mercy of the waves.

Captain Forbes, of the king's ſervice, with three privates, died on coming on ſhore, from being ſtowed in the hold of a very ſmall fiſhing veſſel, for fear of upſetting her, had too many remained upon her deck; the ſad and benumbed ſtate theſe poor creatures

creatures were in when taken from the wreck, though the diſtance was not more than two miles from the ſhore, where every inſtant aid and comfort were afforded them, prevented their recovery.

A great number ran up the ſhrouds. A watch was taken from the fob of an unhappy individual, whoſe corpſe was driven on ſhore—it had ſtopped at five minutes paſt ten; from this circumſtance it is preſumed that at ten o'clock

"The ſtout-ribb'd veſſel to the ſtorm gave way,
And ſuck'd thro' looſen'd planks the ruſhing ſea."

When the hull of the ſhip touched the ground, about one hundred and eighty perſons were ſuppoſed to be in the tops and rigging; their ſituation was beyond all deſcription wretched; the yards only were above water, and the ſea was breaking over them in the dead of a cold and froſty night. In about half an hour their ſpirits were revived, by the ſound of ſeveral boats beating againſt the waves at a ſhort diſtance*; but alas! how vain their hopes, when, on hailing the boats, not one of them came to their aſſiſtance! The ſound of the boats died away, and they were again left to the mercy of the rude waves,

"Where fate on ev'ry billow ſeem'd to ride."

By twelve o'clock their numbers had much decreaſed: the ſwell had ſwept ſome off, whilſt others were, from the piercing cold, unable longer to retain their hold. Every moment they perceived ſome friend floating around them for a while—then ſinking into the dread abyſs to riſe no more.

The cries of the diſtreſſed, when ſinking, it is ſaid, were heard from the hills at Whitnouth, near Lulworth, which is about three miles from the ſhip. Several boats were again heard paddling about the wreck at half paſt eleven o'clock: and although they were hailed by the unfortunate perſons on the ſhrouds and maſts, they could not be prevailed upon to take them on ſhore, The reaſon which was afterwards aſſigned for this apparently inhuman conduct was, that they were fearful that every perſon on board, being eager to ſave himſelf, the whole would attempt to jump in, overload the boats, and ſink them.

About twelve o'clock, two ſloops that had been attracted to the ſpot by the ſignal guns, came to anchor cloſe to the ſhip, ſent their boats, and took off all the perſons we have mentioned as

* A ſloop-rail veſſel, with two boats aſtern, paſſed them at 11 P. M. and on her hailing her from the tops of the Earl of Abergavenny, ſhe paid no attention to their calls. It is ſuppoſed that ſhe did not hear them.

being above water, about twenty at a time, and in the morning conveyed them to Weymouth. So far were the people from crowding improperly into the boats, that they got off the ſhrouds one by one, and then only as they were called by the officers who were with them. When it was ſuppoſed that every perſon was brought off, and the boat was about to depart for the laſt time, a perſon was obſerved nearly at the top of a maſt in the ſhrouds; he was called to, but did not anſwer.

At length Mr. Herbert Mortimer, ſixth mate, brother to a gentleman in the treaſury office of the Eaſt India Houſe, and to Captain Mortimer, who has lately, from ill health, reſigned the company's ſervice, with that goodneſs of heart which will ever redound to his honour, actuated by the moſt valuable ſenſations of philanthropy, inſiſted, though the laſt who left the ſhip, that the boat ſhould not put off till he had endeavoured to reſcue this unhappy man from deſtruction. The boat's company yielded to his entreaties, and while they reſted on their oars in awful ſuſpenſe, the gallant youth ſprang up the maſt, where he found the object of his ſearch, Serjeant Heart, in a ſtate of inſenſibility, ariſing from the piercing ſeverity of the weather. His wife and infant had already periſhed. Mr. Mortimer brought him down on his back, and placed him in the boat. Our readers will naturally exclaim,—"Was he alive!"—Alas! poor fellow, he ſurvived his unfortunate family but a ſhort period. The greateſt exertions were uſed by the faculty for the recovery of ſuſpended animation, for the ſpace of ſix hours. They ſo far ſucceeded as to renew pulſation, and enabled him to receive ſome wine; but their efforts proved unſucceſsful, and he died the ſame day.

Serjeant Heart, with ſix of his unfortunate comrades, were interred with all the pomp of military honours, on Friday, much to the honour of the ſerjeants of the 2d Wiltſhire militia, quartered there, who defrayed the expences of the funeral.

The muffled drum—the mournful fife—the ſad accompaniments of the ſoldier's funeral, were here ſuperfluous. The inhabitants of Weymouth had that within, "ſuperior to the trappings and the ſuits of woe:" their conduct to the ſufferers has been uniformly kind, and muſt endear them ſtill more ſtrongly to their royal and amiable viſitors.

(To be continued.)

A Deſcription of the Royal Sovereign Man of War, built in 1637.

THE Royal Sovereign being a ſhip of the firſt rate built in the year 1637, is in length by the keel, 127 foot, in the breadth by

by the beam, 47 foot, in depth, 49 foot; her draught of water 21 foot; in burthen 2072 tons, and her guns and tackle 1492 tons more; this mighty moving caſtle hath ſix anchors, whereof the biggeſt weighs 6000lb. and the leaſt 4300lb. it hath 14 cables, whereof the greateſt is 21 inches in compaſs, and weighs 9000lb. the leaſt cable weighs 1300lb. and is eight inches in compaſs. To the Royal Sovereign belong 18 maſts and yards, whereof the greateſt, called the main maſt is 113 foot long and 48 inches diameter, and her main top 15 foot diameter. She hath ten ſeveral ſorts of ſails, of different names (as every ſhip of the ſixth rate hath) whereof her greateſt ſail, called her main courſe, together with her bonnet contain 1640 yards of canvas; her leaſt ſail, called fore-top-gallant-ſail, contain 130 yards of canvas; the charge for one ſuit of ſails for the Sovereign is 800l. ſterling, the weight of ſea ſtore in point of ground tackle and other cordage is 60 tons 8 hundred and odd pounds.

She carries a long boat of 50 feet, a pinnance of 30 feet long, a ſkiff of 27 feet long, the weight of her rigging 33 tons. She has 3 tire of guns all of braſs, whereof there are 44 in her upper tire, 34 in her ſecond tire, and 22 in her low'r tier, in all 100 guns; ſhe carries in all, in officers, ſoldiers, and marines, 850 men. Finally her whole charges for wages, victuals, ammunition, wear and tear for every month at ſea coſt the king 3500l. ſterling, as have been cumputed by a very ſkillfull perſon. The charges of building a ſhip of the firſt rate, together with guns, tackle, and rigging (beſides victualery) do ordinarly amount to about 62,432l. thoſe of low'r rates proportionably.

Curious Particulars of Jean Marie Hervagault, who pretends to be the Dauphin of France, and the Son of the unfortunate Louis XVI.

(Concluded from Page 210.)

BUT even when taken into cuſtody, Hervagault conducted himſelf with a loftineſs and dignity that ſtruck all preſent with a kind of dubious awe. His downcaſt confidents ſurrounded him with the moſt heart-felt reverence; one of them, highly moved, begged leave to embrace him, and the taylor's ſon negligently tendered his hand to kiſs. The very firſt night of his incarceration a moſt ſplendid feaſt was given at the priſon. Interceſſions were made for his releaſe upon bail, but in vain; all that could be obtained was to mitigate, as much as poſſible, the rigours

rigours of his captivity. He was conſtantly ſerved in the moſt ſumptuous manner, and ſo accuſtomed to this high ſtyle of living, that once a chicken, a pigeon, with a ſallad and cuſtard, being ſerved for his ſupper, he thought proper to find the fare incomplete, and indignantly daſhed the meſs on the ground. Adnet, the notary, called him in his priſon, *Monſeigneur*, and was moſt graciouſly rewarded with the appellation of *Mon petit page, mon petit valet de chambre d'amitie.* Thus he acted his part, and always with an air of the utmoſt importance. Going to maſs, a ſervant carried his prayer-book and cuſhion. He appointed a ſecretary, and made him ſign in his name that of Louis Charles. Where a man bears a great name, ſaid he to the juſtices, he is ſure to be expoſed to perſecution. The mayor of Vitry, owing to the great concourſe of people, found himſelf, at laſt, under the neceſſity of putting him under cloſer confinement, and at the ſame time, intercepted the enormous ſupplies of wine and good cheer ſent for his uſe. No perſon, but thoſe abſolutely neceſſary to attend him, was permitted admiſſion without a ticket. Meanwhile, his offence was by no means conſidered in a political view, but merely as a matter belonging to the correctional police, to the enquiry and puniſhment of which it was accordingly left. Madame Saignes was likewiſe taken up as his accomplice; but their being no proof to convict her, was acquitted in conſequence. Hervagault, in the beginning of the year 1802, was ſentenced to four years imprisonment, as a ſharper and abuſer of the credulity of the people, and confined accordingly in the houſe of correction at Oſtend. Both the delinquent, and the attorney-general, though upon different grounds, appealed againſt this ſentence to the government.

"The matter was now to be treated at Rheims, when a new and very important actor ſuddenly burſt upon the ſcene of this tragi-comedy. The aged prelate L. de S.... Biſhop de V.... a man venerable for his integrity, univerſally reſpected for the auſterity of his manners, and his profound learning, expreſſed his conviction, that Hervagault was the real and genuine dauphin. He had even ſpoken to the ſurgeons that had anatomized the corpſe of the pretended dauphin in the Temple, who had informed him it was not that of the real one. He reſolved upon freeing his young monarch from the chains of captivity, lent out conſiderable ſums to effect this purpoſe, abandoned the very functions of his office, came to Rheims, correſponded with the priſoner by means of the keeper of the jail, and thought himſelf ſure of his being the identical perſon. The dauphin's death appeared to him a mere political lie of the national convention. He even thought it his duty to give to the neglected prince a good education, and endeavoured to accompliſh this end with the pureſt and ſincereſt intentions. He ſent him amongſt other

works one day, " Le Genie du Chriſtianiſme," by Chateaubriant, and the tragedy of Athalia, upon which he received, to his ſurpriſe, this anſwer : " Do you mock me? All this I know by heart."

All the fears of the prelate were, leſt the object of his care ſhould be ſentenced to tranſportation. To prevent this, he ſtrained every nerve, and made uſe of the intereſt of every friend he could command in Paris: he drew up a liſt of thoſe perſons to whom he intended to entruſt the fate of the dauphin. In it were found, amongſt others, the names of Briſſac, Necker, Madame de Stael, Monteſſon, Roquelaure, Angouleme, Talleyrand, Puys de Segur, Boufflers, La Harpe, &c. Some believed him, ſome did not; ſome called him a Blondel, ſome a Joab. The correſpondence was carried on in cyphers; it even went ſo far, that the project was formed to marry the dauphin with a diſtant relation of the royal family. Hervagault at firſt ſeemed to wave the propoſal, for he had (as the reader will preſently be informed) ſworn the oath of fidelity and affection to the queen of Portugal's moſt amiable ſiſter, but from political motives he yielded, and it was reſolved to make levies of men for his ſervice.

But ere theſe negociations could poſſibly ripen, the trial before the criminal tribunal at Rheims was once more publicly reviſed, and that in the preſence of a numerous multitude of people, who all were in favour of the accuſed, loudly murmured againſt the proſecuting attorney-general, and with enthuſiaſtic fervour applauded the official defender of Hervagault. The judges, however, would not ſuffer themſelves to be miſguided, and confirmed the original ſentence. While they were deliberating on the ſubject in another room, the moſt painful anxiety was depicted in the countenance of every ſpectator in court. Hervagault heard his ſentence with compoſure, with a ſmile of contempt; and his partiſans, inſtead of giving credit to the juridicial deciſion, obſtinately perſevered in their former pre-conceived opinion. They continued to wait on him with royal ſervice in the place of his detention. He had by him, amongſt other effects, a ſilver cup, on which were the letters L. C. (Louis Charles) engraved and decorated with an antique French crown. This he pretended to the jailor was his cypher. None of his adherents deſerted his cauſe; on the contrary their zeal redoubled, and the venerable biſhop of V..... always headed them. Nay, the latter did not confine his zeal to preſents and good advice, he even reſolved moſt actively to exert himſelf; and being informed that it was intended to bring his illuſtrious pupil from Rheims to Soiſſons, he determined to reſcue him on the road from the hands of his perſecutors. This youthful project of an old head was betrayed; the biſhop and his papers were ſeized; and it evidently appeared upon proof, that it

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was his intention to make the taylor's ſon of St. Lo act the part of the dauphin. The government, however, had compaſſion on the hoary dotard, and gave him his liberty. Hervagault himſelf had fared better, if the leaſt proſpect of amendment had appeared in his conduct: but as he formed another junto of partiſans at Soiſſons, it was thought proper to make him diſappear.

In order to render it conceivable how ſo many perſons of rank and knowledge of the world, ſhould have ſuffered themſelves to be made the dupes of this raw youngſter, people ought themſelves to have heard him tell his ſtory. With great emotion he would remember how Louis XVI. his father, uſed to give him leſſons in hiſtory and geography in the Temple. In the tone of the moſt ingenuous ſimplicity, he would talk of a little bitch called *Fidele*, of which Maria Antoinette, his mother, was very fond. The muſt minute details he deſcribed with infantile vivacity, nor did he forget that Simon, his jailer, uſed to wake him in the dead of night, to convince himſelf that he had not been carried off. "I was obliged," ſaid he, "to perform the meaneſt drudgery, which affected my health."—The ninth Thermidor alleviated the miſeries of many victims of the revolution as well as mine; they gave me better clothes, more wholeſome victuals, and even allowed me the diverſions ſuitable to my age. My ſiſter was permitted to come to me, to eat and play. What a moment was the firſt of our re-union! (he always wept bitterly when ſpeaking of this interview.) Meanwhile my health became continually more impaired, and the priſon air muſt have killed me, had not the Lord decreed to ſend me relief.

"One day, about the latter end of May, 1795, as I was juſt going to doze, one of my keepers, whom I always liked for his mildneſs, accoſted me, and whiſpering ſaid, 'My dear child you would ſoon die in this priſon, but people who love you, though utter ſtrangers, let you know that, if you keep the ſecret, they will ſoon bring you to a place where you ſhall be at full liberty, and play with children of your own age.' I ſwallowed his words with avidity, promiſed to reveal nothing, and waited with anxiety the fulfilment of his promiſe. On the following evening, about the ſame time, a cart with clean linen came into the court-yard to be unloaded, and to take in another quantity of foul. Among this linen was laid concealed a very ſickly looking child, about my age. A ſtrong man in a ſailor's dreſs took me in his arms, put me amongſt a parcel of the foul things, and only a ſmall aperture kept me from ſuffocation; the laſt thing that I ſaw in my priſon, was the ſick child, whom they put in my bed. I was rather roughly flung into the bottom of the cart, and without any farther obſtruction conveyed to Challiot.

"As ſoon as we got out of the Temple, they gave me a little more air, but on approaching the barriers they covered me again entirely. At Paſſy I was carried, ſtill packed up, into a low room, where I was quite at liberty. Here I ſaw three ſtrange men, who threw themſelves at my feet, and ſeemed to be quite beſide themſelves with joy. They quickly put on me female attire, placed me in a poſt-chaiſe, and drove along the road to La Vendee to the army of the royaliſts. How it came about that I ſhould be liberated, I was not informed till a long time afterwards. After Robeſpierre's fall, the ruling factions were divided among themſelves, and many were not diſinclined to the reſtoration of royalty; overtures were made to the Vendean royaliſts, and negociations opened with them by Rouelle, a member of the national convention; and one of the conditions which the former inſiſted upon was, my being delivered up to them; to which, however, the committee of public welfare added the reſtriction, that my deliverance ſhould at firſt be kept a ſecret, and another child ſubſtituted in my place. After long and violent debates, the royaliſts aſſented to the meaſure. The only difficulty was to find a proper ſubject of a child to replace me. Count Louis de Trotte undertook it, and ſent the Abbe Laurent for this purpoſe into Normandy, attended by his adjutant Du Hamel. They bribed one Hervagault, a taylor at St. Lo, to ſacrifice, for a conſideration of 200,000 francs, for the general good, his ſon, who reſembled me. They otherwiſe aſſured the taylor that he had nothing to dread for his ſon's life, and they even concealed it from him that the ſtripling ſhould be lulled into a ſound ſleep, by means of a ſtrong doſe of opium.

"There were but three perſons in the Temple who knew the ſecret; this was the jailor's wife, the above-mentioned turnkey, and the ſweeper of the priſon. It was the latter who carried me out, and delivered me at Paſſy to Meſſrs. De Trotte du Chatelier and Abbe Laurent. Two hours after my deliverance, the celebrated Deſſault, to whoſe care I had been entruſted, came into the Temple, when the too ſtrong doſe of opium had lulled the child, which was laid in my bed, into a lethargic ſlumber, reſembling death. Deſſault was going to feel his pulſe without waking him, but on laying his hand upon his body, he perceived ſuch a difference between it and mine, that he uttered a ſhriek, and his amazement was changed into the moſt violent fright, when, upon cloſe inſpection, no doubt remained of its being another child. He remained near an hour in mute amazement. He conſidered his reſponſibility, the danger he was in, and finally reſolved to ſcreen himſelf by ſending a ſecret report, perfectly congenial to the truth, to the committee of public welfare; where Rovere, the then preſident, who was in the ſecret, after the firſt paroxyſms of violence in his aſtoniſhed and furious col-

leagues had ſubſided, proved to them that ſilence would be the beſt remedy, particularly ſo as there was every appearance that the ſtrange and ſickly child would die, in which caſe it would be perfectly eaſy to purſuade all Europe, that the real dauphin was dead. Deſſault was ſummoned before the committee, and loaded with ſuch bitter reproaches, that, overwhelmed with grief and vexation, he fell into a diſeaſe, which, baffling all the ſkill of medicine, proved fatal to him. My little ſubſtitute died likewiſe. Deſſault's ſucceſſor, upon diſſection of the body, was equally ſenſible that it was not mine, and conſequently made uſe of the following equivocal phraſe, in the *procès verbal*: '*Nous ſommes procédés à l'ouverture d'un cadavre, que les commiſſaires nous préſentèrent comme celui du fils de Louis Capet,*' i. e. 'We proceeded to the opening of a corpſe, which the commiſſioners preſented to us as that of the ſon of Louis Capet."

He proceeds to ſtate, that he acquired vigour by the motion of the vehicle, arrived at Belleville, the head quarters of the royaliſts, and after the expedition to Quiberon, that he was ſent to England by the deſire of the Britiſh government.

The editor of Mr. Phillips's edition of Kotzebue's Journey from Berlin to Paris, makes the following remarks on this ſingular ſtory:

"WE had hitherto, from a variety of circumſtances, not only given implicit credit to this ſingular ſtory, and far from conſidering its hero as a ſwindler, or obſcure adventurer, we muſt confeſs that, from the coincidence of events in the narration, and thoſe of the revolution, which are ſtill freſh in our memory, we viewed him only in the light of the real and undoubted heir of the throne of France. But the ſubſequent part of his ſtory is too abſurd to deſerve attention, and induces the reflecting reader to withdraw that confidence which he had placed in the preceding ſtatements. For example, he boldly aſſerts, that after all the perils he had encountered, from the tyrants of his own country, it was in England that his life was moſt in danger, for that his relations here, the venerable count d'Artois, and others, had conſpired to poiſon him! That in conſequence of this tranſaction, the king of England ſent him to Rome, and Portugal, with powerful recommendations. That the pope bleſſed and anointed him, and cauſed the fleur-de-lys to be imprinted on his right leg; that the ducheſs of Orleans, on his arrival at Liſbon, proſtrated herſelf at his feet; that the queen of Portugal cauſed him to fall in love with her ſiſter, the dowager of the prince of Braſil, that ſhe procured for him a declaration, ſigned by nine ſovereigns, promiſing him ſuccour, and which is ſtill in the archives of Portugal, &c. &c.

"We

"We do not hesitate to pronounce the whole of this statement, from the part at which he mentions his departure from Quiberon, to be a contemptible mass of falsehood: but our readers will recollect, that this last part of the narration is not inserted in the records of the French government:—it may, therefore, have been fabricated, for motives which may easily be conceived; but we do not entertain this idea of the whole account. We well know the character of the present tyrant of France, and convinced of the instability of his power, we will submit the question to our more penetrating readers, whether it be not very probable, that Bonaparte has secretly preserved this youth, in order that when his own fortune shall experience a reverse, the time of which we hope is not far distant, he may make a merit of his abdication, by restoring the kingdom to its rightful owner, and thus obtain a remission of that punishment which would otherwise be the result of his audacity and his crimes?"

SINGULAR GENIUS.

THERE is living not a hundred miles from Stonehaven, a man who has practised a greater variety of the mechanical arts, than any one person we remember to have heard of. He was originally bred a country blacksmith, and is known to have attained considerable proficiency in that line. Self-taught, he soon became a professed clock and watch-maker. He has made some watches; and his clocks, of which he has furnished hundreds, are reckoned not inferior to any of those manufactured in this country. He did not confine himself, however, to the movements only; for, as soon as it was completed, he formed the mahogany case; and this part of his workmanship would do credit to the regularly bred cabinet-maker. His genius next extended itself to musical instruments; in the evenings of one winter, he made, for his amusement, six or eight fiddles, of which the workmanship and varnish were excellent, and the tones by no means despicable. One of them he constructed to play with eight strings, two of each kind, and the effect, especially in slow music, was very pleasant.

In his own family, he is occasionally both taylor and shoemaker; and in the latter department he might vie with any of the most substantial sons of Crispin. He lately purchased a small bark, which, with the assistance of his son, a boy, he now navigates in the coal trade. He was at sea in this bark during one of the last winter's storms, and was supposed to have finished his career in "Davy's locker;" but, after some time, he was found snug in the harbour. About a month ago, his vessel encountered another storm, in which several planks were stove,

and her ſtern demoliſhed. Here a new channel was opened for his multifarious ingenuity. He immediately ſet to work, and joining the old blackſmith to the ſhip carpenter, forced bolts and ſhaped timber, and by the work of his own hands alone, has completed the neceſſary repairs. Had ſuch a genius been under the direction of proper judgement, there is reaſon to believe that it would have conducted its poſſeſſor to not a little renown.

Extract from Dr. Dunning's Pamphlet on Vaccine Inoculation, juſt publiſhed.

IF there are no marks or peculiarities in human conſtitutions, that can aſſiſt us, in any endeavour, to diſcriminate the greater or leſſer ſuſceptibilities of the contagion of ſmall-pox, and hitherto we have diſcovered none, it muſt be acknowledged, immediately, by every man of the leaſt reflection and candour, that, in a general way, we can reſort for protection to the vaccine principle only. Entirely protected by this benign medium againſt the leaſt danger of life, we adopt it, at the remote riſk (indeed it can hardly be called riſk at all) of a ſlight variolous affection, which does not happen oftener, perhaps, than once in five hundred, or a thouſand caſes, and which alſo happen, probably, as often after the inoculated ſmall-pox.

We have ſeen a thouſand examples of thoſe dreadful effects from the ſmall-pox, which we have juſt been relating; yet, will much of this detail, in all probability, and, indeed, I have no objection, be deemed, and retorted on me, by the inexperienced and the idle, if ſuch will trouble themſelves to read it, as enthuſiaſm and caricature:—I know the man of obſervation, of reflection, and humanity, will not ſo judge it. The preceding objections, ſtrong as they are, are not the greateſt we have againſt inoculation for the ſmall-pox. By keeping up, in perpetual activity and circulation the deadly poiſon, this practice, as it has hitherto been conducted, has conſiderably added to its former mortality; ſince the general eſtabliſhment of it, the number of deaths by the ſmall-pox has increaſed in the proportion of one thouſand and ſeventeen to one thouſand; hence, the practice of vaccination is attended with the delightful reflection, that, while every caſe of inoculated ſmall-pox, tends directly to diffuſe the peſtiferous principle, this conduces, immediately, to the controul and extinction of it. We muſt not only look to, and decide from a few ſolitary caſes, or local circumſtances; but muſt take a view of vaccination on a large ſcale, and from this aſcertain, clearly, what it has, and what it has not done.

But

But a recapitulation and comparison of the effects of vaccination; of the inoculated and of the casual small-pox, on human life, will forcibly assist us in placing this in a more distinct and striking point of view.

If five thousand have been vaccinated in the neighbourhood of Plymouth, within the last five years, (and, no doubt, the number is much larger), it will not, for a moment, be contended, that one hundred thousand subjects have not been vaccinated, within the same period, in the united kingdom: of this number, I do not know that a single well-authenticated fatal case has been recorded; neither do I know that any thing like an approach to a fatal one, has been mentioned among the reported cases of small-pox, subsequent to apparently regular, or even incomplete, vaccination. Of the same number inoculated with the small-pox, if one in two hundred, so inoculated die*, the amount of fatal cases would have been five hundred, and many others would have recovered from much severe disease. The small-pox, in their casual character, have usually destroyed nearly a tenth part of mankind; and a seventh of all whom it attacks: and, it is very notorious, that this pestilence destroys its victims, for the most part, in their infancy, or early childhood. In the common course of events, then, as it has been ascertained from indisputable sources and calculations, that inoculation does not lessen its mortality, it necessarily follows, that many thousands (ten thousand in course of some time) of the hundred thousand, the number we have fairly assumed, would have been its victims. But in order to give our inferences every possible impartiality, and to the anti-vaccinist every latitude of advantage, we will only take them at five, or rather only at three, thousand: The results then are as follow:

Vaccination seems to have preserved the whole number of one hundred thousand.

The inoculation of the same number for the small-pox would have destroyed five hundred.

The casual disease, without the interposition of the cow pock, somewhere from ten to three thousand.

Here then is an instance of the preservation of human life effected through the medium of vaccination; of which I may confidently challenge any man to produce a parallel, either from the history of medicine, or the annals of the world. In short, there are two schemes open to us for the preservation of human existence; variolous inoculation and vaccination: the former is truly and literally a lottery of life, in which, although there are prizes of the highest value, there are also a large number,

* A larger proportion than this died in this large town in the ten years immediately preceding the introduction of the Jennerian practice.

ber, which no perſon, who could foreſee them, would draw; and many miſchances, attended with the moſt diſaſtrous and afflicting conſequences, to which, in all its changes and chances, human nature is expoſed. Vaccination is the other ſcheme of preſervation (it would be unjuſt to call this a lottery) in which almoſt the whole number of tickets are prizes of the higheſt value; in which are but a very few blanks; and even theſe, entitle the holder of them to another and another chance, until he gains the prize of higheſt value, and in which there are no loſſes and no misfortunes. If theſe concluſions are true, or nearly true, and, after a little more experience, generally known and acknowledged, I will not ſay, of that perſon who ſhall then obſtinately prefer ſmall-pox inoculation, that he deſerves a ſtrait jacket, and a ſolitary cell; but I will, without any heſitation, ſay of him, that, in my opinion, he very badly conſults the intereſts of ſociety.

Intereſting Account of the Fidelity of a Ruſſian Domeſtic.

[From a Volume lately publiſhed, entitled "Characteriſtic Anecdotes from the Hiſtory of Ruſſia."]

INDIGENCE, and a defect of education, the common lot of a low and obſcure condition, do not juſtify, though they greatly palliate, the errors of this claſs of people; can we, therefore, eſtimate too highly, inſtances of diſintereſtedneſs and attachment in thoſe of humble ſtation, who frequently think only of their duty, when performing actions which entitle them equally to the eſteem of their cotemporaries, and of poſterity.

Emma, who died at St. Peterſburgh, preſident of the tribunal for the affairs of Livonia, had formerly been attached to Count Oſterman, in the capacity of ſecretary, and was involved in his diſgrace. A ſhort time previous to his arreſt, he had ſent his ſervant into the country with ſome commiſſions. This man, having found the houſe empty and abandoned, at his return, fell into a paſſion, ſwore, and curſed his maſter a hundred times, for having gone away without giving him any notice, or letting him know the place of his reſidence: he immediately determined to find him out wherever he might be. He went firſt to the ſenate to enquire if they knew any thing of Emma—"Your maſter is by this time in Siberia." "How! he has left me without informing me of his departure! for God's ſake cannot you tell me poſitively the place where he is?"—"Yes, he is in ſuch a place," ſaid one of the ſenators. "Very well! I will ſell every thing I have, and follow him; I'll give it him ſoundly." The magiſtrate fell a laughing, and endeavoured to pacify him, but only irritated him the more. In fact, Fedor ſold all he poſ-

ſeſſed, ſet off with a trifling ſum of money, and ſoon reached his maſter, whom he reproached bitterly. Emma tried in vain to perſuade him that he had been compelled to act as he had done. At length he ſaid to him, "Now you are in Siberia, what do you purpoſe doing?" "A pretty queſtion truly!—to ſerve you." "I am obliged to you for your good will, and for the trouble you have taken; but, my friend, my daily income is limited to a ſmall ſum." "Don't let that diſturb you, I have not come without money, and it is at your ſervice if you have occaſion for it; be aſſured that you will not long remain in this cruel ſituation; you will very ſoon be recalled." Some time after, Emma was in want of a coat; "I will procure you one," ſaid his ſervant, "fear nothing." He ſought a taylor, paid him, and promiſed his maſter that if he would enter into a contract with him he ſhould want neither food nor raiment. "Very willingly, but on what conditions." "Since I am perſuaded that you will not long remain in this place, and as I never intend to quit you, you muſt undertake that, if you return to Peterſburgh, you will increaſe my wages fifty rubles, every new office you obtain." The convention was immediately accepted, put into writing, and ſigned by both parties. Some time after, the common fund being exhauſted, Fedor, with a gay air, informed the captive of it; the latter was greatly affected. "Compoſe yourſelf, the day of our reſtoration to liberty is at hand." About a month after this converſation, the Empreſs Elizabeth inſpected the liſt of the exiles, and of thoſe who were concerned with them. She was aſtoniſhed to find ſo many friends, relations, and ſecretaries, condemned to the ſame puniſhment as thoſe who had held high offices. She aſked what crimes they had committed. "None; but this one belonged to ſuch a perſon, that lived in his houſe, another was with him when he was arreſted." It is, however, very extraordinary, that ſince their innocence has been manifeſted, no order for their deliverance has been forwarded.

Emma having obtained his recal, returned to the capital, where he was named aſſeſſor in the office of the domains; afterwards counſellor at the ſame board, and at length preſident of the college of juſtice. Fedor, at each change, demanded and obtained the fifty rubles as agreed upon. He had thus advanced to five hundred rubles when his maſter was made a knight of the order of St. Alexander. He demanded them again. Emma thought he might refuſe him, ſince, according to his own account, he had only received a decoration, and not an employ. The ſervant would not be denied, and threatened to ſue for them juridically, if he did not perform his agreement. Emma at length yielded to his demand, more from gratitude for his ſervices than from fear of his threats. The faithful Fedor, who died a long time before the preſident, finding his end approaching,

ing, made a will, by which he left his maſter all he had ſaved in his ſervice: thus Emma received all his money again, even to the intereſt which this man had made of it.

Deſcription of the Patent granted to Mr. John Swift Saxelby, of Derby, for a Method of making White Lead different from the Methods now practiſed.

INSTEAD of applying heat by means of horſe-litter, or tanner's-bark, Mr. Swift makes uſe of the ſenſible heat which is produced and communicated by the combuſtion of fuel, and this he keeps to ſuch a height as produces the oxydation in an effectual manner, without cauſing the acid in the pots to be volatilized to a greater degree than is neceſſary for the intended purpoſe. This is done by making the fire in a proper ſtove or receptacle with its apertures, &c. ſo that the operator ſhall have it in his power to manage and regulate the fire and the communication of heat in the uſual manner. The ſtove is ſo built as to be able to receive the pots containing the uſual charge of metallic lead and acid, and to admit of the ſame being regularly placed and diſpoſed, and ſhut up, but that none of the ſmoke, vapours, or other immediate exhalations, from the fuel, ſhould be admitted within the ſaid room or ſpace. The heat of the place is regulated by thermometers; and for the purpoſe of preventing any waſteful or pernicious exceſs of heat, a valve is made in the room that will ſuffer the eſcape of the heated air when neceſſary. —The ſtopper of the valve is ſo conſtructed and fixed to the thermometer, &c. as to open of its own accord when the heat of the room is too great, while a diminution of temperature ſuffers it to cloſe. The patentee has found by experience, that the beſt ſtate of temperature is from 90° to 100° Fahrenheit, during ten or twelve days, and from 100° to 110° the next eight days; and that the heat be regularly and equally increaſed about ten degrees for each ſucceſſive portion of eight days, until the expiration of about ſix weeks, or until the vinegar or other acid ſhall have evaporated, when the white lead is to be ſeparated and ground for ſale.

In ſome caſes, water or ſteam is made uſe of as the medium of communication through or by which the heat is tranſmitted into the room; and in theſe caſes the water or ſteam may be uſefully employed for general purpoſes that conſtitute no part of the invention, though economy may thereby be promoted.

6

Pleaſing

Pleaſing Inſtance of Cordiality between Clergymen and their Auditors.

THE following ſingular circumſtance lately occurred in the pariſh of Donoghmore, in the county of Wicklow, in Ireland. The rector of Donoghmore is the Rev. Dr. Edward Ryan, and the curate his nephew, the Rev. Mr. Teniſon: Near 300 heads of families, landholders in the pariſh, (apprehending the loſs of the rector and curate by the doctor's removal to a more valuable benefice,) without the doctor's knowledge, ſigned a roll, in which they bound themſelves individually to raiſe their own tithes, ſo as to pay him 200l. a year more than they ever paid before. They requeſted, at the ſame time, that he would add 100l. of this ſum to Mr. Teniſon's ſalary, on account of his general conduct and diligence in the diſcharge of his duties.

The doctor cheerfully complied, and aſſured them he was ſo gratified by this their joint act, that he would not reſign the pariſh of Donoghmore for one of double the value.

LITERARY ANECDOTE.

IN the Ephemerides, publiſhed every month at Paris, in the one for Auguſt, page 207, we meet with the following literary anecdote, which, as being rather curious, it may not be improper to tranſcribe:

On the 25th of Auguſt, 1787, the prize of poetry, propoſed by the Comte d'Artois, for an eulogy on Prince Leopold, of Brunſwick, was granted to M. Terraſſe de Mareilles, an officer in the queen's houſhold, although the piece was adjudged by the public inferior to that of M. Noel, profeſſor in the college of Louis le Grand, who obtained the firſt acceſſit; but the following circumſtance, it ſeems, had decided the judgment of the academy.

The queen, on being informed that M. de Mareilles, her officer, had appeared as a candidate, wrote three letters to the academy in his favour, but deſignating the piece only by the motto, without giving the author's name, the academy took it for granted that Monſieur, who was a lover of literature, might have been inſpired with the noble emulation of appearing for the prize; and of courſe the judges, finding the piece paſſable, did not enter into a very rigorous examination, but agreed to accord him the prize. When they had opened the capſule, they were aſtoniſhed to find, in lieu of the auguſt name of the king's brother, the name of a common officer of the queen; but the judgment was already paſſed, and there was no way to ſet the deciſion aſide.

Anſwer, by Adrianus, to T. Prout's Charade, inſerted December 17.

THE little CHAFFINCH, by unkind miſhap,
Is oft entangled in the ſchool-boy's trap.

☞ We have received the like anſwer from A. Kyne, junior, of Dartmouth; W. Mann, of Aſhburton; T. Jarvis, of Malborough; and J. B. B. and J. Lewis, of Poole.

Anſwer, by a North Country Sailor at Exmouth, to Bideſordſienſis's Rebus, inſerted December 24.

VIRGIL is the poet's name
Whoſe works have gain'd immortal fame.

*** We have received the like anſwer from W. Mann, and W. Bickham, jun. of Aſhburton; Adrianus; T. Prout, of Mevagiſſey; J. Lewis, of Poole; A. Kyne, jun. of Dartmouth; and J. Channon, of Ottery.

Anſwer, by Inceptor, of Chard, to S. Murch's Charade, inſerted December 24.

STARCROSS, a pleaſant place you mean,
Where Exon's ſons are often ſeen.

☞ We have received ſimilar anſwers from J. Channon, of Ottery; a north country ſailor at Exmouth; Adrianus; T. Prout, of Mevagiſſey; P. Gove, R. Holwell, and W. Commins, of Exeter; G. Hann, jun. of Stoke Abbot; J. B. B. and J. Lewis, of Poole; and A. Kyne, jun. of Dartmouth.

A REBUS, *by A. Kyne, Jun. of Dartmouth.*

WHEN you two vowels do ſelect,
A circle place between;
Straightway a plant you will deteſt,
Its name you know I ween.

A CHARADE, *by G. Hann, Jun. of Stoke Abbot.*

MY firſt protects our ſleep by night,
And watches our repoſe;
What ladies wear, then bring to ſight,
And you'll my next diſcloſe:
Explore my whole, and there you'll ſee
A various choice of finery.

A CHARADE, *by Thomas Prout, of Mevagiſſey.*

THRO' fancy's tube ſurvey th' embattled ſhore,
Where armies meet, and thund'ring cannon roar,
Where hideous groans from vanquiſh'd ſquadrons riſe,
And ſhouting thouſands rend the boundleſs ſkies;
There, 'midſt its horrid ſcenes, behold my firſt,
Where gaſping heroes bite the bloody duſt;
My uſeful next you quickly will explain,
It waſts Europa's ſons acroſs the main:

Go ſearch Britannia's navy, there you'll view
My ſtately whole—ſo now, ye gents. adieu!

POETRY.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

Elegy to the Memory of Mrs. Linwood, of Leiceſter. Written by her Grand-daughter, Miſs Mary Linwood.

AT length the ſad, the awful ſcene is cloſ'd,
And death, with lenient and aſſuaſive hand,
Tears from the ruthleſs gripe of fell diſeaſe
All that was mortal of the friend I mourn.
She who, tho' rack'd by torture's keeneſt pang,
Worn by ſlow waſting to the grave's dread brink,
Ne'er breath'd one murmur in her year of pain,
Nor, by impatience, ſwell'd affliction's tide.
Her ſoul, by fortitude upholden firm,
E'en as the oak defies the rigid blaſt,
Meekly purſu'd her Saviour's paſſive ſteps,
And bow'd in all—ſubmiſſive to his will.

Lo! in the narrow houſe, the mould'ring cell,
Where nature's faireſt works muſt ſeek decay,
Cold and neglected, virtue's daughter lies!
That eye, which keenly ſought th' unſeen retreat,
To ſtream in pity for each grief-ſwoln heart;
That hand, whoſe ready boon dealt joy to all,
Save where intruſion might the deed record;
That heart, the leading avenue to both,
Which own'd all living nature for its friend;
All—laid beneath a few ſhort ſpans of earth,
Denied the pow'r to feel, the will to act.

What ſable form is that, which drooping hangs
In ſilent ſorrow o'er the new-rais'd urn?
'Tis weeping virtue, and beſide are ſeen
Her ſiſter train, in ſolemn robes array'd,
Hoping releaſe in vain from mem'ry's bitter taſk.
Well may ye weep: for ſuch an angel mind,
Ne'er cas'd in human ſtructure ſhall ye ſee.
O! ſhe was truly pious, juſt, and good;
And every gentle virtue was her own.
Methinks, e'en now, the ſame benignant ſmile
That play'd in circling dimples o'er her cheek,
Sweet as the ſilv'ry drops which cluſt'ring hang
In ſmiling bells upon the morning roſe,
Beams on this tribute to her mem'ry due.

And ſhall that cheering ſun-beam of the ſoul,
The glorious picture of her ſpotleſs mind,
Shall that be doom'd to moulder into nought,
Nor caſt behind one tranſitory gleam?
Ah! ſurely no.
For now th' immortal ſpirit, burſting thro'
The myſtic cloud which veil'd the bright aſcent,
Borne on ſeraphic pinions, ſoars aloft,
To claim a juſt reward beyond the ſkies.
Where that ſame ſmile which cheer'd all hearts below,
Shall gleam propitious on the friends ſhe lov'd.

And

And when full many a circling year be paſt,
And earth enchains their captive ſouls no more,
Then ſhall it darts its luſtre o'er the dreary maze,
And greet th' aſcending angel to its bleſt abode.

TO AN EARLY PRIMROSE.

MILD offspring of a dark and ſullen ſire!
Whoſe modeſt form, ſo delicately fine,
Was nurs'd in whirling ſtorms,
And cradled in the winds;
Thee (when young ſpring firſt queſtion'd winter's ſway,
And dar'd the ſturdy bluſt'rer to the fight)—
Thee, on this bank he threw,
To mark his victory.
In this low vale, the promiſe of the year,
Serene, thou op'neſt to the nipping gale,
Unnotic'd and alone,
Thy tender elegance.

So virtue blooms! brought forth amidſt the ſtorms
Of chill adverſity; in ſome lone walk
Of life, ſhe rears her head
Obſcure and unobſerv'd;
While ev'ry bleaching breeze that on her blows
Chaſtens her ſpotleſs purity of heart,
And hardens her to bear,
Serene, the ills of life!

The COUNTRY CHURCH *and* CHURCH-YARD.

By ROBERT BLOOMFIELD.

MEAN ſtructure! where no bones of heroes lie!
The rude inelegance of poverty
Reigns here alone—elſe why that roof of ſtraw,
Thoſe narrow windows, with the frequent ſlaw?
O'er whoſe low cells the dock and mallow ſpreads,
And rampant nettles lift their ſpiry heads;
Whilſt from the hollows of the tower on high,
The grey-capp'd daws in ſaucy legions fly,
Round theſe lone walls aſſembling neighbours meet,
And tread departed friends beneath their feet;
And new-brier'd graves, that prompt the ſecret ſigh,
Shew each the ſpot where he himſelf muſt lie!
Midſt timely greetings village news goes round
Of crops late ſhorn, or crops that lick the ground.
Experienc'd ploughmen in the circle join,
While ſturdy boys, in feats of ſtrength to ſhine,
With pride elate, their young aſſociates brave
To jump from hollow-ſounding grave to grave,
Then cloſe conſulting, each his talent lends,
To plan freſh ſports, when tedious ſervice ends!

On a DISSATISFIED, ILL-TEMPERED MAN.

STILL reſtleſs, ſtill chopping and changing about;
Still enlarging, rebuilding, and making a route,
Little Timothy, *outre* as it may appear,
Pulls down, and builds up again, ten times a year;
With this altering rage, poor diſſatisfied elf!
What a pity it is he don't alter *himſelf!*